The crossover that no one asked for by bhut

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Across the multiverse…

Once upon a time, when 'master Bruce' and the rest of the Bat-family were away on their nightly business, Alfred Pennyworth the butler was busy maintaining the household by doing his own nightly ritual of cleaning, dusting and what else have you, when someone caught his eye – someone who really shouldn't have been there.

"Man, Alfie, you really live the high life lately, hah?" a certain unspeakably evil and insane clown commented idly, as he put-up feet onto a stool, with a bottle of wine in one hand and a smoking cigar in the other. "Don't need to get out much either, I would wager!"

"…What are you doing here?" Alfred was outmatched here, but did not back down – he was not *that* sort of a person, thank you very much. "You don't belong here, you-"

"Yes, yes, I know, I am the devourer of worlds and of children," Pennywise the clown waved dismissively, unimpressed by his interlocutor's attitude, but then again, few people in the multiverse impressed It. "I am unstoppable, ancient, nigh immortal – et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. Therefore, when I decide to visit the bloke who is one of the closest to me in the Fictional Last Name Index, I most certainly do! I love living down in the boonies and what else have you, but even a country mouse can visit a city, and Gotham is most certainly a city, you know!"

"Yes, I'm quite aware of that," Alfred replied testily; "in fact, with all the darkness and doom I'm surprised that you aren't spending more time here-"

"Are you kidding? It is Gotham! Do you know how much private estate here costs?" Pennywise snorted disdainfully, "especially for those of us who are self-employed and aren't depended on the others

to provide them with food and board!"

"I'm not depended on anyone, lest of all master Bruce, for my food and board!" Alfred snapped with a huff. "And what are you doing here, anyhow?"

"Not what – who," It got onto his (its?) feet with a grin. It was not a very nice grin, but then again, we are talking about an ancient Lovecraftian horror here that ate children, (among other things).

"What do you mean 'who' – oh," Alfred facepalmed himself. "Just what my life has been missing lately-"

"Glad to hear this – I'm not often missed, you know? I may be nigh unstoppable, but I don't deny that I'm not very popular-"

"So let's get this show on the road before things get any more messed-up," Alfred continued bitterly, as he began to steer, (loosely speaking) his interlocutor towards his own room. "Just when I thought that everything has hit rock bottom."

"They have," Pennywise agreed, readily. "And I should know, 'cause I live on rock bottom – literally, which is why my bottom is as hard as any rock!" And he laughed over his own joke, ('cause no one else does). Overhead, thunder rumbled and really massive hail began to fall over Gotham. "Now come on, Al, our obligatory NSFW-21 scene awaits!"

"Joy," the latter agreed, as he opened the door to his private room and the pair entered it. "This is why I'm a bachelor-"

"Al, I'm touched, but you really shouldn't – I'm not a white picket kind of a monster! We really should find you someone closer to your regular speed-"

"You have someone in mind-?"

"Well, now that it came up…"

As the pair began to banter, on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, in London, England, a certain Miss Moneypenny woke up and shivered for no good and obvious reason; she just felt as if her life

just took a turn for the worse…